

Diamond

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Collin's Bay Penitentiary

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OUR COVER — An inmate drops his ballot in the box during the recent Inmate Recreation Committee Elections. Monitoring the voting were Supervisor of Recreation Hub Macey (left) and Gordie Cameron (center). Cameron was chairman of the last committee but did not seek re-election in the spring campaign. (See story and picture on page 5.)

Photos courtesy of Off. Ass't. Deputy Warden (C), Eryce, and John Howard Society.

Despair Can Uplift

Existentialism

And

The Prisoner

The prisoner sits stolidly on his bunk and stares blankly at the wall of his cell. In the distance is the sad wail of a train whistle. It slices subtly through the sweet, seductive voice of a woman singing on the radio. The sounds, and the memories they evoke claw at his heart; there is a fiery fist in the middle of his belly and his mind scampers away from the sound like a curious puppy who has put his nose too close to a hot stove.

The world is rushing by him as a river in flood, leaving him standing helpless on the bank. Life rushes past him like pieces of flotsam and he knows that no matter how fast he swims he will never overtake that which has already passed him by. He is still a young man, but the years have been amputated from his life and the wound bleeds away the stuff that made him the man he was. When he is released, he will be a different person, without really having understood the one that he was. He stands in the circle of despair.

But despair is not the end of a human being. To Dr. Viktor Frankl, a noted Austrian psychologist and 'father' of

an existentialistic method of psychoanalysis called 'logotherapy', it is a point in the road; an experience few men are privileged to experience in its fullest.

Despair, claims Dr. Frankl, for many years a prisoner without hope in a German concentration camp, is the fire that destroys the phoenix and allows it to rise again, reborn. Those who have been imprisoned, either in the concentration camps, or any other prison, have an opportunity beyond the reach of most people in today's world to find a new meaning to their lives. In prison a man has time and opportunity to reevaluate himself and his existence and to decide whether he will accept what he has been or whether he will find a new meaning to his existence.

"Once a man is on the edge of despair, he is also on the threshold of some richness and fulfillment on a higher plane and in this we have truly proved to be human beings, that we may jump to this higher plane and open up this new dimension in which despair is transmuted suddenly—transmuted into a triumph."

For prisoner, both concentration camps and otherwise, a new aristocracy is born, the aristocracy of those who have faced despair and have conquered it to become greater than they were; they have walked to the edge of reality and returned.

Despair is not, however, a triumph in itself. That triumph lies in bravely facing, in shouldering despair and forging through life to a higher meaning of usefulness.

"In the face of the most oppressing adversity we must remember that within the simple revolution of a second hand on a clock there is opportunity and change...no man has the right to make a concluding statement, evaluation, of his own life.

"We all have a right to non-existence. We have the right to stop existing whenever we chose, but when we ask ourselves and decide in the affirmative, we admit to the existence of a changing world where all is possible and life is never so meaningless that it isn't worth living.

"The imprisoned share a deeper meaning to their existence; a meaning deeper than those who have never

shared the ultimate despondency where life is seemingly without goal or reason. We who pass through this time of life, a truly wretched period of existence, pass through and by the road of self-destruction, eventually to exist on a higher plane of life than those who have been sheltered by comfort and reason without despair. A man must never lose sight of the fact that deep within him there lurks the power of change... the power to be someone else, or to become something different."

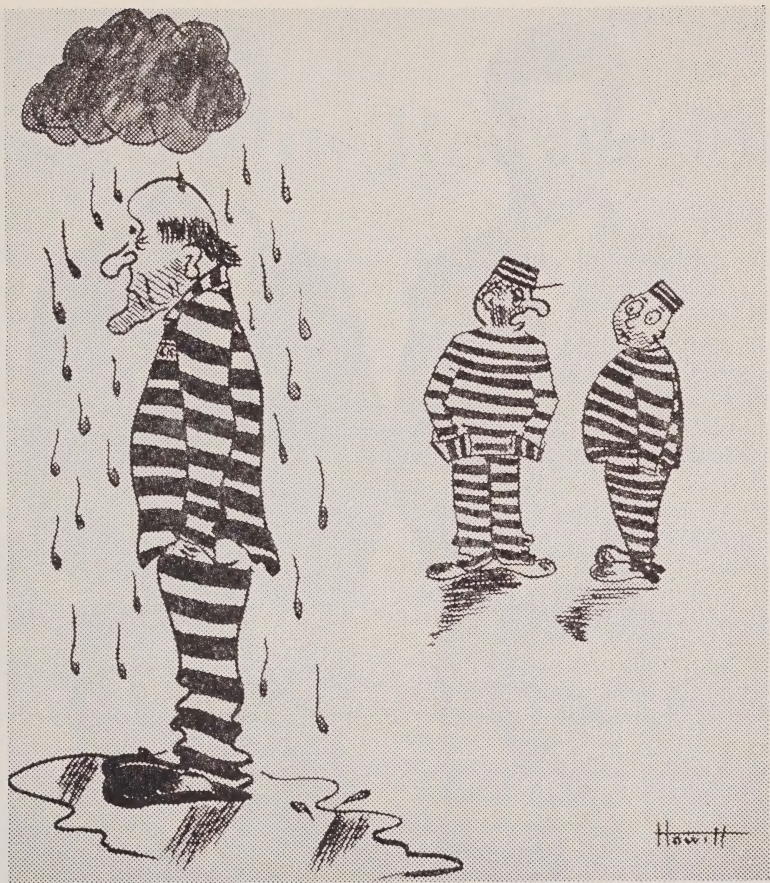
But to merely exist through a period of imprisonment, to nurse vengeance and hatred, is not conquering despair, but succumbing to it. Vengeance, hatred and a withdrawal from reality are forms of despair. To have truly risen above these three and those who have injured us is the real triumph.

"As long as we judge and accuse, we have not yet reached the bottom, the ground." Dr. Frankel claims.

Dr. Frankl is the author of several books, including "From Death Camp to Existentialism—Man's Search for Meaning" and "The Doctor and the Soul".

Sheep in Wolves' Clothing

Rev. George Tolson of San Quentin, who says he wears an old green eye-shade when he interviews inmates because it reminds them of the men behind the table at Reno, recalled when he befriended a juvenile delinquent at the Illinois State Training School. Later, the young ex-convict came to him when he was ministering to a Congregational Church in California. The youngster was re-arrested for stealing cars — but Rev. Tolson then persuaded six friends to help the boy after he finished his sentence. Today, the reverend says that young ex-convict has a wife, three children and a steady job. Rev. Tolson said proudly, "I lent him \$1,000 to help him buy a house — and he paid me back within one year. I'm proud and thankful I helped him."



“The psychologist told him he just THINKS his luck is bad.”

No Finks Wanted

Bangkok, (AP) — Two bandit groups “The Young Lions of the Golden Peninsula” and the “200 Corpses Bandits” have joined forces in Southern Thailand to punish persons who inform police of the activities of the two groups.



RECREATION COMMITTEE—From left to right, back row, George Miller and Don Parkinson; Front row, left to right, Andy Toop and Bruce O'Niel. O'Niel is chairman of the committee and Parkinson is secretary. Missing from the photo is Jimmy Law.

Four Win Re-election

Bruce O'Niel, Andy Toop and Jimmy Law won re-election to the Inmate Sport Committee during the spring elections. They were joined on the five-man committee by George Miller and Don Parkinson.

Voter turnout was exceptionally high for the second straight election, only 16 off the record number cast during the Fall elections. However, only 10 candidates vied for the five seats as compared to the 23 in the fall.

O'Niel was the highest vote-getter with 287. Toop, 265, and Law, 241, followed. Miller broke the 200 mark, with 203, and Parkinson came in with 149. MacBeth finished sixth and became the alternate.

At the first organizational meeting, O'Niel was elected chairman, while Parkinson was named as secretary.

Last committee chairman, Gordie Cameron, decided not to run this time, expressing his intention to seek election again next Fall. Committee members are restricted to two consecutive terms. O'Niel, Toop and Law will not be eligible to run in the next elections.

The fifth member of the last committee, Sid Heath, was transferred to K.P. in the early spring. He was secretary for the committee.

Actually, only Parkinson was a newcomer to the committee. Miller served as alternate in the fall committee and finished out the remaining weeks of

Heath's term, following his transfer to K.P.

Return of O'Niel, Toop, Law and Miller to the committee was interpreted by many as a sign of recognition for the outstanding performance of the fall committee. It was acknowledged by most inmates to have been the best one in several years.

It was also the first committee in several years to remain intact, with the exception of Heath's transfer, to the end of its term.

Recreation supervisor Hub Macey announced that the next committee election will be held in early October. Macey and assistant recreation supervisor Frank Martin monitored the elections. Ballots were counted by the ten candidates, Gordie Cameron, and the editor of the Diamond. A total of 392 of a possible 450 ballots were cast.

In contrast to previous elections, no pre-election campaigning, other than the traditional brief speeches over the institution radio system, was permitted. Mr. Macey stated that in view of this, he thought the turnout was exceptional.

Inmates interested in forwarding suggestions, complaints or offering assistance to the committee may do so by dropping a note in the committee box on the Gaza Strip, or by contacting them in person, either during recreation period or on Friday evenings when the hot water is delivered to cells.

U.S. Federal Prisons Institute Work Programs

*Reprinted from the Sagebrush,
Nevada State Prison*

For hundreds of federal prisoners who yearn for something better. (United States) prison walls are to become 'something you return to at night' when other men are returning to their homes.

They will be given a chance to prepare a place for themselves in the nation's labor force in hope of easing transition to freedom when their sentences are up, a shock that often leads them back to prison.

They will be turned loose from 10 federal institutions each morning to travel to jobs, work beside free men and return voluntarily to their cells in the evening.

For every step of the way, they will be on their own, unescorted, unwatched.

The 'work relief program' for which (U.S.) Federal Bureau of Prisons is now setting machinery into motion, is a provision of the prisoner rehabilitation law signed by President Johnson, September 10, 1965.

It marks another step in the long campaign to transform U.S. penal institutions from dark holes of confinement and despair to colonies where men who have strayed from the path of lawlessness can make a stab at redirecting their lives.

The law provides for the establishment of an adult version of 'halfway houses' — prerelease guidance centres — that have proved effective with young offenders in easing the transition from prison to private life.

Myrl E. Alexander, director of the Bureau of Prisons, said in an interview a surprising number of community organizations have indicated a willingness to accept workers from nearby institutions.

But he said there would be a gradual approach to the program.

"We're going to start very conservatively and built up some experience so that our mistakes will be held to a minimum," said Alexander.

During early months of the work release program implementation will be limited to 10 institutions where minimum custody is the rule rather than the exception.

Eligible prisoners from the major security institutions such as those at Leavenworth, Kansas, and Marion, Illinois, may be transferred to prisons taking part in the program.

These include: Englewood, Colorado; Ashland, Kentucky; Petersburg, Virginia; the National Training School in Washington; Sagoville, Texas, Milan, Michigan and Danbury, Con.

No notorious convicts imprisoned from crimes of violence will be in the

program. Only prisoners who can use the experience in advance of their release or who can support their families by using skills they already have will be considered.

The prisons will stand ready to advance the men up to \$100 for expenses until they receive their first paycheck. They will also outfit them with their first suits of clothing until they can afford to buy their own.

The prisoners will pay all their own expenses, and excess earnings, other than those used for family support, will be held for them until they are released from prison.

Alexander said he hopes that the first batch of prisoners will begin the experiment in the next few weeks. Eventually, he said, not more than five percent—or 1,00 to 1,500 prisoners will take part in the program.

The law specifically provides that employment of federal prisoners may not result in the displacement of employed workers. Nor may it be used where there is a labor surplus in the area.

But neither may the prisoners be exploited. They must be paid the going rate for whatever work they do.

IMPS CALLED CHILDREN

A swirl of pigtails, shiny black;
Crying, laughing, filled with life's zest;
Angels, they, to be handled with tact.
They are my life, my children blest.

Not children alone, but zealots too—
Clean of soul, lacking fraud or sham,
Reckless in their worship, ever new,
These glorious imps, whose god I am.

Adults why? So slow to understand?
Swift with wrath, slow to justice plea;
Meting out punishment with shaking hand.
Who but children could love such gods as we?

Praise Heaven! They lack the wisdom,
To comprehend so brief a span,
Of heedless, honest life, never to be lonesome,
Or known the insincerity of their creator, Man.

John P. Roy



NEW CHAPLAIN—Rev. M.D. Stienberg came to the institution as full-time protestant chaplain in May. Here he is counselling an inmate in the protestant chapel.

Quotes To Consider

Laws remain in credit not because they are just, but because they are laws. That is the mystic foundation of their authority. They have no other. They are often made by fools.

— Montaigne

The mark of an immature man is that he wants to die nobly for a cause, while the mark of a mature man is that he wants to live humbly for one.

— Wilhelm Stekel

“Only one third of the people of the world are asleep at any given moment. The other two thirds are awake and probably stirring up mischief somewhere.”

— Dean Rusk

“A lottery is properly a tax upon unfortunate, self-conceited fools. The Sovereign should have guard of these fools, even as in the case of lunatics and idiots.”

— Sir William Petty,
17th Century Political Economist

“It was recently discovered in a London, England, bank that a door which had to remain closed to comply with security regulations had to be kept open under a clause in the fire insurance policy.”

— TELLER,
Royal Bank of Canada magazine

No Talk Without a Mouthpiece

A U.S. Federal court has ordered an injunction barring police from questioning a prisoner outside the presence of his attorney. The court's opinion read: “The United States Supreme Court made it clear that a person formally accused of a criminal offence is entitled to counsel at every stage of the criminal procedure.”

St. Leonards Assesses 1965

Having completed the year-end report and the Third Annual International Convention of Halfway House, the St. Leonard's House staff reviewed progress made during 1965.

It is safe to say that 1965 was a year of increased recognition and, hopefully, the development of a more stable financial base from which St. Leonard's expects to maintain and possibly expand its services to released prisoners and, indirectly, the community.

Recognition of the contribution made by Windsor's halfway house came from the International Halfway House Association. Last year, the Association elected Father T. N. Libby, director of St. Leonard's as its first Canadian president. This year, the annual convention was held in Windsor, at the Elmwood Casino.

Some of the highlights of the convention included an address by Father Libby on the state of the Association, and an address by Allen J. MacLeod, commissioner of penitentiary, assorted panel discussions with Pierre Burton, Captain H. H. Brown of Beverly Lodge, St. Leonard's Lou Drouillard and addresses by various American authorities in the field.

St. Leonard's value to Windsor and the province was also recognized from outside sources.

Since September 1, 1965, Wayne State University, Michigan, has taken advantage of the unique situation to be found at the House for a field place-

ment agency for post-graduate students in social work.

Locally, such organizations as the Sertoma Club (a pool table), the Kinsman Club (completely outfitted the new kitchen) and the Women's auxiliary of the Anglican Church of Canada (\$1,000 contribution toward the purchase of a new building) have indicated the degree to which the community of Windsor has remained a solid supporter of the halfway house idea—"A hand Up, Not a Handout." Other aid came also. The Associated Canadian Travelers contribution \$1,500. The Kresge Foundation and the George A. McNamara Foundation have presented capital grants for the continuation of the work, while the J. P. Bickell Foundation has provided money for equipment. In addition to all this, the hard core of interested people—The Women's Board and the Men's League of St. Leonard's and countless interested individuals such as Dr. W. K. Rock, who has donated his medical services to the house since its inception four years ago, have kept up their participation in the affairs of the house.

Most particularly gratifying to everyone involved is the degree to which local employers such as the Chrysler Corporation of Canada, have been willing to "take a chance" on an ex-con (some of them even second, third and fourth chances) and provide jobs for the guests.

Anyone hearing of such support as this would no doubt expect to see many

modifications and improvements in things around 491-497 Victoria and things around 491-497 Victoria Avenue, and indeed, unless he were blind as the veriest bigot, he would not be disappointed. Over the past year new property has been acquired at 497 Victoria to allow for expansion to provide facilities for 18 men, a recreation area, and expansion of the dining facilities in the old building to accommodate the increased number of guests.

The ramshakled garage behind the two buildings has been converted, with a little money and the services of a former guest, into an attractive, mahogany panelled suite of offices for Father Libby and the staff as well as volunteers.

Reassured by their increased recognition and support, St. Leonard's is looking forward to the coming year, with its almost certain opportunities for perfecting and even extending its services.

THE WAITING TIME

The waiting time of the day for me
Is just like it was before—
It's the time of the day when I make believe
For the sound of your key in the door.

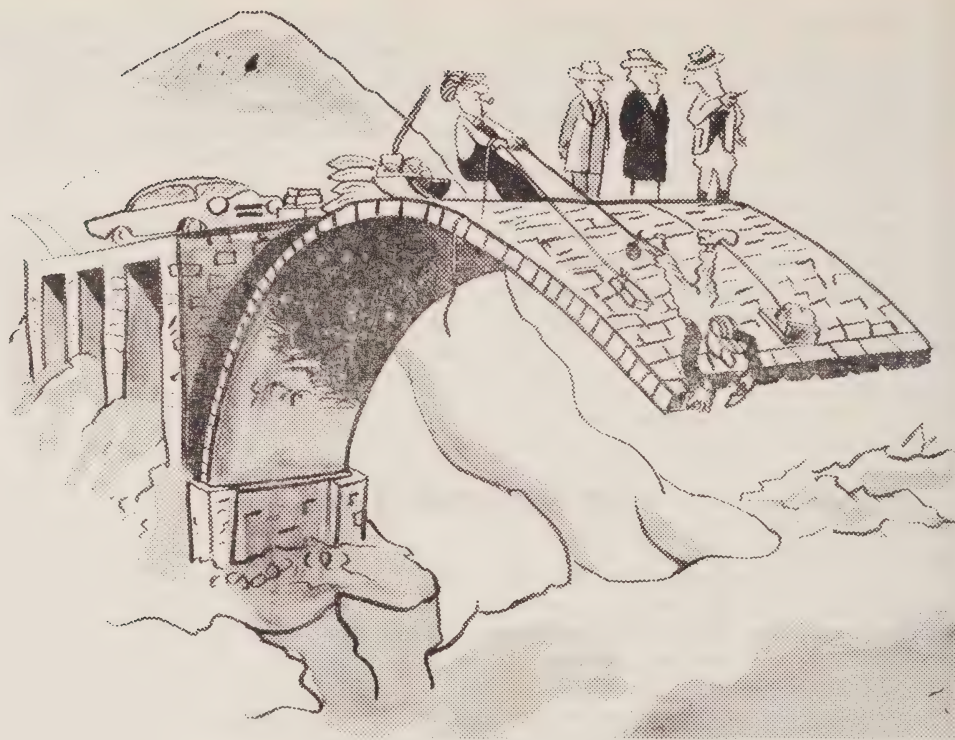
It's the time of the day when I make believe
That soon you'll be home with me—
Then my world will be lovely and bright again
The way that it used to be.

I'll feel the touch of your hand once more
And in your nearness I'll find—
The remembered warmth that I always found
The closeness of spirit and mind.

I'll think of your smile and hear your voice
As plainly as if you were here—
And all of the sorrow and grief I have know
Will magically disappear.

Please God let me go on pretending
For this is the only way—
I can bear the silence around me
As the waiting time of the day.

from Barbara J.



“Where did you say you went to engineering school ?

MY DREAM

Endless dreams I have each night
Of the one who makes my poor life bright
Who hastens to bring me every cheer
And tries to calm my every fear.
My dream goes on until the dawn
When I must rise and go upon
My daily chores: which are a fight
With thoughts about the coming night
And when the night comes once again
The picture which is very plain
Will fill my mind with another dream
Of the one I held in high esteem.

Neil Couch

Eight-Balls Who Fought World War Two

EDITOR'S NOTE: Recently convicts from various U.S. penitentiaries have asked to be released to fight in Viet Nam. Some newspapers claimed they couldn't be trusted to do the job. The following is a reprint of an article that appeared in the Hutchinson (Kansas) News. It was written by a western Kansas veteran.

The article "Releasing Inmates to Fight in South Viet Nam", is a very interesting one to me.

I served with a outfit in World War II of this kind. Sixty-five percent of our outfit were convicts released from prisons all over the U.S., and the largest percentage of the remainder came from Army stockades. This idea was originated by a cocky little "Bird Colonel" named Vockunburg, or "General Willie" as he became known later.

In Fort Bliss, Tex., in the early part of 1942, he was sitting in a jeep with the fort commander watching a group of stockade prisoners working. He said, "There are the best men the Army has and their talents are being wasted. Give me a division of them and I can whip the Japanese Army."

He never got a division, but he got enough to form the 12th Airborne, the first airborne division of the U.S. Army. Their baptism of fire occurred on top of Owen Stanley Mountains in British New Guinea, at a place called Wire-Rope Bridge. They fought for 41 days for 60 yards of real estate. The last ten

days without food or cigarettes. We ate anything we could find, even the bark off the trees.

When the smoke cleared General Willie and his misfits had helped to stop the Jap drive and the 'long road back' was started. We were shock troopers for the 32nd and 41st divisions. Wherever the action was the hottest, we would be there. We fought at Buina, Balola, Wow, Popandata and took Melanie Bay with 12 50-calibre machine guns and less than 500 riflemen. By the time we hit Marcum Valley we had made our mark among fighting men.

General MacArthur came to see us in action and was impressed. He invited us to Brisbane to put on a show for the Austrailians and they really liked us. In his speech that day General MacArthur made the statement, "It would be a great honor to die in action with men of this calibre." We went back to the islands to make the single longest jump in military history—over 800 miles behind enemy lines—to Herlandia, Dutch New Guinea, and held it until the convoy came up with infantry

troops to mop up. We then teamed up with a group of Dutch commandoes and went to the Netherlands East Indies and took Wadke and Noemfoor Islands.

Tokyo Rose took to referring to us as "General Willie and his bloody Butchers", and extended an invitation to fight the Japanese Imperial Marines, their elite, at Helmaherato. General Willie and his Bloody Butchers were delighted to oblige her. This caper lasted 23 days. When it was over we had 13 prisoners and over 8,000 dead Japanese marines. It was my birthday. I was 21.

I had become a man and the Air Corps had a strip close enough to Borneo to go to work on.

We were the first American troops back on Phillipine soil at Leyte. Corregidor was the last jump. It was the end of General Willie and his Bloody

Butchers. Five men out of 186 in my company alone walked away. The rest were carried away on stretchers or buried. O.K. Phillips, our First Sergeant, brought the outfit home—on paper.

If we had accepted all the medals and citations we were entitled to we would not have had enough room on our jump jackets to wear them. There were six campaigns in the Pacific Theater and we fought in all of them, as well as other places the War Department has no record of American troops ever being. We did accept the campaign ribbon and stars and bronze arrowheads that were awarded to assault troops, and the Presidential Citation given to us in person by Eleanor Roosevelt after Hellonahera.

O.K. Phillip along with a buck sergeant from Huntsville Penitentiary in Texas and a line corporal from Oregon Penitentiary were her honor guards.

My True Love

I love no one else so dearly
As the girl who waits for me.
It feels so good, each time I think
Of her love that burns so deeply.
Her hair is soft as satin
Her eyes are blue as the sky.
I know someday she'll be my wife,
There'll be just her and I.
I've done things that I shouldn't have.
I know that I've hurt her so.
But as she has forgiven me,
I know I'll never go.
There's no other in the world
As wonderful and beautiful as her.
She is the only girl for me —
My true lover, Doris.
My true love, Doris.

— Albert Sinobert, 807



Learning Process

Che wanted desperately to teach his people how to survive, but somehow he couldn't get through to them or did he?

Once upon a time and place, on a planet similar to the Earth, but removed from us in time and space, and perhaps even dimension, a curious thing happened; curious, that is, from the viewpoint of an Earthling. To the creatures of that planet, it meant nothing when it happened and even less now that it has long since been forgotten.

It happened in a primeval forest. A great variety of animals lived in that forest, many of them akin to ones we know on Earth. The wisest of these animals was one so like the monkey that we will refer to it as a monkey, and the wisest of all these was Che.

Che did not possess wisdom in the sense that we understand it; he did not know great scientific formulae, dream up clever moral, philosophical or moral systems, or utter witty things (if this be wisdom). In his own way, however, he did attain intellectual superiority over his peers. For instance, he knew where the sweetest and tenderest nuts were to be found and the easiest way in which to gather them;

he knew where the coolest and clearest pools were located; which roots were edible and which of the many creatures of the forest were potential danger to him.

But Che was not a happy monkey. Despite his fine food and fresh, sweet water, he was much too thin and he had an unfortunate habit of walking on his hind legs (which no self-respecting monkey did). His nose was not as flat as that of the other monkeys, but instead came to a point. And, worst of all, his body did not have the great mass of hair other monkeys had, but only a small thatch on top of his head, so that his body showed pinkishly through the bit of fuzz he did possess.

And Che liked to experiment with sounds, so that he was able to imitate most of the other animals and also make some sounds no other creature in the forest ever heard. This skill did not add to his popularity with his brothers and sisters and cousins.

In that strange forest, a monkey's idea of a happy existence was to have

plenty to eat and drink, many companions with whom to play the infinite number of competitiveless games and an endless number of mates to make love to when the mood occurred.

Che, however, had no companions nor did he have a mate. The same qualities that served to make him comfortable in the way of food and drink worked against him in his inter-monkey relations. Che's relatives did not like differences.

This condition, of course, made Che very sad and lonely. He would sit for hours watching his companions romping through the trees as they shrilled their chattering noises of joy and fulfillment. At such times a strange moisture would sometimes gather in the corners of Che's eyes and cloud his vision.

He envied most Kirf, the largest, hairiest and bravest of the monkeys, as he gathered about himself the fairest of the females, received the best food from his admirers and led the way in all the games that were played. Che could not, however, watch long for they would soon notice him and point and chatter at him, mocking him for being so different.

Then, he would go alone to some shady place and sit against a tree. It was during such moments that he began to notice pictures forming in his mind. These first pictures, he soon realized, were a recollection of things that had happened to him before, but, after a while, other pictures came and these he saw were things as they might have been or might be if he changed his previous methods of doing something. All this was very frightening to him in the beginning; monkeys

in that forest did not possess either memory or imagination.

As time passed he became more and more skilled at remembering and imagining, until he could form clear pictures in his mind of all that had happened to him a day, a week, a month and, finally, years before. And he had visions of what he would like to do in the days, weeks, months and years in the future, even some that had nothing to do with eating, drinking, playing or mating.

Now it happened that in this forest there were many months when the weather was warm and gentle and the rain only occasional. But there were also one or two months when the wind whipped out from off the heights of the distant, white-capped mauve mountains in the north and the temperature plummeted and white, freezing snow would fall gently on the forest.

During this period the monkeys would huddle in the barren branches of their trees, or in hollow, decayed trunks of trees, shivering and starving, waiting blank and bewildered. They did not know what they waited for, because, although this change in season came every year, they could never remember exactly when it came or if it would pass. Many died when this season came because they did not save food to eat during the winter months. When the warmth returned, only half the monkeys would survive. Fortunately, they bred quickly and easily and, when the next winter came, there were plenty to starve and freeze again.

Che, after he had learned to form the pictures of memory and to recall with a reasonable amount of accuracy when the cold season was due, built

himself a hollow deep in the soft ground, where he stored nuts and dried fruits. He lined the walls of his sanctuary with small branches, leaves, grasses, hairs and many other things he had learned kept out the cold. He spent three winters in his hollow before the other monkeys discovered his secret.

One very cold day an emaciated monkey, in a futile search for food and warmth, stumbled accidentally into Che's burrow. He entered cautiously because such places were usually the homes of animals who made a practice of easing their own hunger on monkey meat. But, as he neared the storerooms, where it was warm and where Che had secreted his hoard of food, he grew bolder.

When the fugitive reached the large cave that served as Che's storeroom, Che chattered a greeting and an invitation to make himself at home. But it had been several weeks since Che had seen on attempted to communicate with another of his kind and in the excitement, instead of making the sounds that meant welcome to other monkeys, he made some of the wierd sounds he often practised. The visitor was terrified, thinking he had been discovered by the burrow's owner, a carnivorous beast. He frantically bolted up the passageway to freedom, leaving Che bewildered and alone.

The terrified monkey immediately searched for Kirk, who was also starving. After a long while, he managed to communicate and found that Che was certainly a weak and impotent guardian for such wealth. He decided to take it for himself.

When Che saw Kirf approach the cave his first reaction was one of hap-

piness. He was going to have a guest and someone to share his food and comfort with. But he soon realized that Kirf had no intention of sharing anything, that his intentions were murder and appropriation. He immediately retreated into the burrow and found the club he had made to discourage marauding animals that sometimes strayed into his home.

Kirf could not see in the gloomy halflight of the passageway, but he made angry and aggressive sounds. Che tried at first to bribe and placate ties of Che's stores, at the same time him with offerings of food; however, Kirf began gathering up huge quantities of Che from the burrow with shrill cries. Che saw that he would have to fight for what was his and, brandishing his club in his two hand-like paws, began beating Kirf with it.

This strange reaction on Che's part bewildered Kirf as much as it hurt him. No one had ever attempted to oppose him and no one had ever taken a part of a tree in his paws to use as a weapon. The very concept of weapon was unthinkable. Kirf retreated before the painful blows, screaming his frustration and rage. Finally, outside, in the snow and cold, he shrieked threats into the dark passage for a while, until the reason for his anger faded from his weak memory and he sulked away, still hungry.

When spring came, Che noted that many more monkeys than usual had perished during the winter. This did not surprise him, for he had come to realize that the winters were getting longer and longer. The next winter would be even worse.

He realized that even more of his cousins would die each year until

someday none would survive the cold season. Che decided that he must approach them and teach them to make burrows and to store food against the bad season.

Kirf, in the meantime, had forgotten his hunger and the beating Che had given him, but in the hollows of his small brain the anger itself still festered. Vaguely, he sensed that he had almost died and that Che was the cause. He felt that he wanted to beat Che. When Che attempted to explain about the winters, the burrows and the food, Kirf, in a flash of mindless rage, pounced on Che and beat him until the smaller monkey lost his senses.

When Che regained consciousness, he discovered that someone was helping him. It was Jeln, a young and (to the discerning taste of a monkey) a beautiful female. She was chattering sympathetically and gently rubbing his bruises. With Jeln's help, he staggered to a secret pool and bathed and dressed his wounds. When he was finished, he turned his attention to the girl. She took several backward steps, smiling slyly and uncertainly. Finally, she ventured a brief, tentative chirp of friendship.

Silently, he took her to a spot where he knew the berries were sweet and ripe. She stayed with him the remainder of the summer, gathering food and widening his burrow so that it was large enough for the pair of them. She also was kept busy helping tend his wounds, because Che did not give up hope of convincing his fellow monkeys of the need for warmth and food during the coming winter.

The winter came early, as he knew it would, and many times colder. Available food in the forest was quickly

exhausted and not only the monkeys, but all the animals of the forest, except Che and Jeln, were soon starving. After a time, Che attempted to stop some of his cousins and offer them food, but they only struck him, leaving him in the snow while they ate the food he had offered them. Jeln would come out then and, shivering, help him into the cave. She did not understand why he did what he did, yet she followed and helped him.

At last, he began leaving food near a tree where he knew a few of his cousins were certain to see it.

During the long winter months, Che taught Jeln how to make sounds the way he did. After a while, she learned to make enough of them so that they were able to communicate. She even learned, to a lesser degree than Che, to think.

When the spring came, Che saw that only a third of the monkey population had survived. Jeln wanted to help him, as before, but the child, born during the last month of winter, was too young to be left alone. Although they beat him and, once, even broke his arm, they were no longer the carefree and happy creatures they had once been. They were sluggish and continuously hungry. There was little time for games.

Two more years passed and Che was no more successful. The monkey population had dropped to a tenth of its former number. The winters were now almost as long as the summers and everything in the forest changed. Great beasts who formerly had paid little attention to the monkeys now hunted them and the berries and roots that the monkeys themselves fed on no longer grew as profusely. Only Che,

his mate, and his offspring had enough to eat, either in winter or summer.

In that third year, after Jeln had become his mate, he began to consider what was taking place. The winters were as long as the summers, food was scarce and the monkey's natural enemies were increasing so that almost as many were killed by predators in the summer as by cold and starvation in the winter. The freezing winds blew steadily from the rising of the sun to its setting and the white caps on the far mountain tops had edged downward until the mountains were almost completely white.

What he had to do was obvious. He had to move south, away from the mountains. If the cold and the white snow were related, he had to retreat from the snow.

To Jeln he explained his decision; she did not object, though to leave the area was against all her instincts. She had learned a long while ago that no matter how odd his actions, Che was always right. The only thing that troubled her was his insistence that he try to convince the others that they too must leave.

As in the past, his pleas were met with curses and beatings. When winter was again upon them, he had achieved no greater success than he had in convincing them to build burrows and save food. He would have to stay one more winter and try again in the spring.

Che and his mate now had five children, two boys and three girls. During the winter Che instructed Jeln and the children what they must do if something were to happen to him. The children especially the two boys, were almost as intelligent as their

father and if they did not understand why he spoke to them the way he did, they certainly understood what he told them.

The winter came quickly and furiously. Available food was depleted almost before the first snow stopped falling and Che saw at once that he would not be able to provide food for his cousins outside and still have enough to feed his own family. By mid-winter, Kirf was leading attacks against the burrow in an attempt to get at the food inside, and Che, Jeln and the boys and girls were hard-pressed to keep them at bay with clubs and icy-packed snowballs. In between attacks, it was necessary to mount a continuous guard against sneak charges.

Spring told Che that the monkeys could never survive another winter. The once verdant forest was now only a graveyard of gaunt, brown trees and tangled clumps of dead shrubbery. Even the grass came up a fitful and sickly yellow-green. Of the great monkey families, there were barely a score remaining.

Che decided it was necessary that his family leave immediately for if they were to find a better place, build their burrow and collect food against the next winter, they would need all the time available. He told Jeln and the boys the route they were to take. He would, he told them, follow in a short while. For the first time, Jeln protested and Che had to insist firmly that he had to make another attempt to convince the others to follow. At last, reluctantly, she went with her children.

His family was several days gone before Che came across the first of his surviving cousins. In the years

past they had been everywhere; now he seldom heard any more than a whimpering chatter. Every once in a while he would also stumble across the carcass of one of those who had died since the end of winter, its emaciated body a travesty of the once healthy beast the corpse had been. He also found some who had become meals for the meat-eating beasts that now seemed to patrol everywhere. When he did find the group, they lay shivering, huddled together for warmth in the center of a thicket of spiny weeds and shrubbery. When he attempted to establish contact with him, they cursed and chased him away with stones and sticks.

He attempted several contacts, but was rebuffed each time. At last he realized that he was not going to be successful and that if he wished to join Jeln and the children before winter he would have to leave very soon.

With a heaviness in his chest, he looked at his burrow for the final time, remembering the loneliness he had felt and, later, after he had found Jeln, the happiness. All around him the trees, once green and teeming with life, were empty and silent. The sky was a dull lead colour. Slowly, sadly, he started for the south, walking upright and shivering as a vagrant wind from the distant mountains brushed his hairless body.

Then, without warning and with suddenness of a flash of lightening,

something struck him on the shoulder. He dropped to one knee, his shoulder numbed. When he turned to look over his shoulder he saw that the other monkeys were charging toward him. In their paws, they carried clubs, similar to the ones he and his family had used to stave off attacks during the winter. Stunned and bewildered, he froze. Some of his cousins had stones and now they hurled them. Their voices were muted, strangled, and came from deep in their chests. He thought he could smell their hatred for him this especially he could not understand.

His hesitation proved fatal. A large rock caught him in the chest and another on the side of his head. He sank slowly to the damp, cold ground. Fleeting, he thought of Jeln and his children. As if in a dream, he reviewed all that he had taught them about survival in the jungle and he was satisfied that they would be all right.

The others were upon him now, beating him with their clubs and screaming insanely. In the final second, before the first of the heavy cudgels smashed his skull, he saw that they were using clubs for the first time and that they screamed their hatred to one another with specific sounds. He had not been able to teach them how to eat and live, but they had learned from him how to fight and kill. Dimly, before all thought forever faded away, he realized that he had been successful in teaching them something.

"I've been a con, as smart and as tough as they come, but I'm not a wise guy anymore. All the wise guys I know are in prison. They call guys like me 'square johns', 'dummies'. Yeah. All us 'square johns' are on the outside."

— **Bill Sands**

Ex-Con and author of "My Shadow Ran Fast".

MAN, THE PARADOX

What is the paradox called man, awash in a vast sea of egotism, deriding his fellows in suave, pseudo-sophisticated mementoes and platitudes.

Can he possibly believe in those homo-superior images of himself, or is this just a pathetic and abortive defense mechanism against his realization; an unacceptable insight into his own smallness?

The latter, although by far the most unpleasant to accept, is the closest to the truth. As is apparent in the futile endeavours to check the epidemic-like spread of crime and delinquency rates, man's complete inability to overcome his pettiness and actually scratch the surface of this problem in any manner than presently used, which is 95% retributive, 2½% rehabilitative, and 2½% chaos.

With god-like facades, our feeble minds judge and sentence with omnipotent wrath. With olympian convic-

tions, we flash the burning bolt of vengeance through the life of some pathetic, bemused individual, shattering any sense of stability his already confused mind might possess into a state of stygian chaos.

But as this pathos is enacted in the name of justice, it is acceptable; although we will condescend to admit that possibly the system is not exactly utopian. What can those dastardly criminals expect!

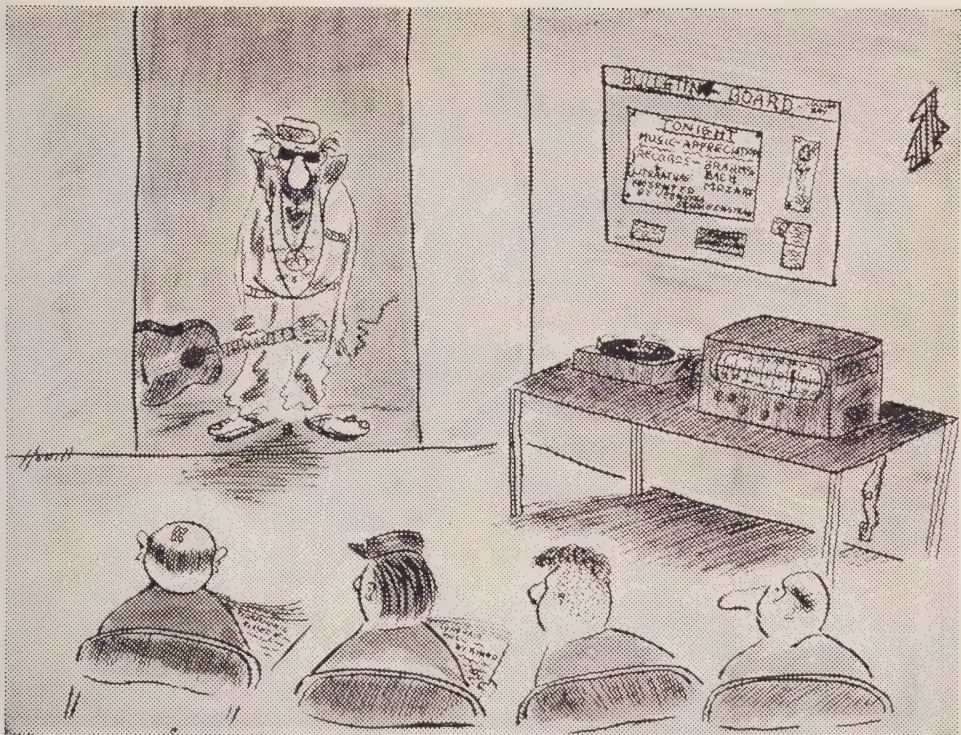
Possibly man will eventually realize the criminal is basically sick by the rules of our civilization and not possessed by some demonic curse. Then, and only then, will the witches' hunt and vindictive justice end.

If you must exact your pound of flesh, flay those already condemned; but think before sending the first offender to dwell in the hull of the pandemonium.

— T. Cobbett

Spy in the pi

Detroit, Mich. — Detroit police headquarters has a computer that hunts criminals. Its electronic memory is stocked with the names, descriptions and methods of operation of some 3,000 known criminals. In the past four months it has guided police to five holdup men, a burglar and a rapist.



"Hey, man, this where the Music Appreciation Class meets?"

"Hole" out in Michigan

Gus Harrison, director of the Michigan Department of Corrections, has erected a milestone in the progress of penology. He has ruled that solitary confinement shall end in Michigan correctional system.

"The solitary confinement of prison inmates," says Mr. Harrison, "is a cruel and barbaric practice".

"Whenever something like this is abolished (the solitary confinement) there are some people who complain that discipline in prison will be jeopardized. But it hasn't turned out that way. Since the new rule went into effect there has been no increase in the number of disciplinary problems; to the contrary, there have been fewer than at any other time in memory," said the director.

Diamond

Dust



Paying off a little old lady, a bookie asked her how she'd picked so many winners. "Oh," she said, "I just shut my eyes and stick a pin into the entry list."

"Oh yeah," said the bookie, "how come you had four winners yesterday?"

"I cheated a little," she replied. "I used a fork."

* * *

The teacher had impressed her pupils with the importance of knowing the correct meaning of words. At home that night Sharon heard the word 'extinct' on a TV program and asked her mother what it meant.

"Well, it's like this," her mother said. "If all the people in the world disappeared, you could say the human race was 'extinct'."

Sharon thought for a minute and asked, "But who would I say it to?"

* * *

A little girl was taught to close her evening prayer, during the absence of her traveling father, with "And please watch over my Daddy."

It sounded sweet to her mother until one night she heard her little girl add, "And you'd better keep your eye on Mama, too."

* * *

The man in the theater was annoyed by the conversation in the row behind him.

"Excuse me," he said, "but we can't hear a word."

"Oh," replied the talkative one, "and is it any of your business what I tell my husband?"

* * *

A fool and his money are soon invited places.

* * *

We all know right from wrong. What we need now is a way to tell opportunity from temptation.

* * *

I marvel at the strength of stitches. That bind the seams of Capri britches.

* * *

There is no sure fire formula for success, but there is one for failure: Try to please everyone.

* * *

Only a woman can rave over a pair of nylons when they're empty.

* * *

A detective was trying to get the description of a suspect. "Tell me," he asked a witness, "does the man have a mustache?"

"I don't think so," the witness said.
"If he does, he keeps it shaved off."

* * *

Little Girl (on a transcontinental train): "Mommy, what's the name of the last station we stopped at?"

Mother: "Don't bother me when I'm reading...why do you ask?"

Little Girl: "Because Brother got off there."

* * *

One sure way to get your wife home from an extended vacation is to send her the hometown newspaper with a clipping removed.

* * *

Inviting a friend to his wedding anniversary party, the Scotsman said, "We're on the fifth floor, apartment B. Just touch the button with your elbow."

Friend: "Why must I use my elbow?"

Scotsman: "Well, hoot mon, you won't be coming empty-handed, will ye?"

* * *

"But Mommy, why does Daddy look so pale?"

"Oh, shut up and keep shoveling in the dirt."

* * *

"But Mommy, I don't want to go to Canada. I like it in England."

"Shut up and keep swimming."

* * *

Warden: I'm sorry. I find that we have kept you a week too long.

Inmate: That's all right. Knock it off next time.

* * *

The little old lady was wedged behind a wall of human flesh in an elevator.

"Coming out on seven," she murmured in a high, quavery voice.

From the rear of the elevator a muffled voice, "Roll 'em lady. You're faded!"

* * *

Prosecutor: You seem to have plenty of intelligence.

Witness: If I wasn't under oath, I'd return the compliment.

* * *

Little Phyllis: God gives us our daily bread, doesn't he, mama?

Mother: Yes.

Little Phyllis: And the stork brings the babies?

Mother: Yes, darling.

Little Phyllis: Then tell me something.

What does papa hang around here for?

* * *

The pompous fellow was loudly telling his companions and the world about his accomplishments.

"I tell you I started with nothing. I am completely self-made."

A sad little man looked up. "I sympathize with you, friend," he said. "I'm no good at those do-it-yourself-projects either."

* * *

This is a little on the corny side, but to the kitchen staff: What do they call a bird that has been hit with a lawn mower?

Answer: Shredded tweet.

* * *

One of the most tragic romances ever recorded concerned a near-sighted glow-worm who tried to make love to a burning cigar.

* * *



.... Concerning tightwads
And spendthrifts

Mortgage Manor

by Lex Schrag

Editor's Note:

As one of the many services The Diamond renders its readers, the magazine's staff economist was requested to prepare a forecast of prospects for Canada's centenary of confederation.

The economist, unfortunately, replied that he would be unable to oblige. All of his time, he explained, is engaged in working out a new system of handicapping which he intends to apply when he has completed his post-graduate studies at this institution.

With many misgivings, the Editor instructed the churl of Mortgage Manor, that half-acre of insolvency in the easterly arrears of Metropolitan Toronto, to undertake the project. The Diamond hereby disclaims any and all responsibility for the churl's report, published herewith:

Dear Boss, Sir, you (love-child):

Why in hell can't you ask for something cheerful, once in a while? Don't you read the papers? Don't you know the Ontario Government has just jacked up the sales tax to five per cent from three? Don't you know the federal sharks are gouging 1.8 per cent of my salary for the Canada Pension Plan, which I will starve to death before I get any pension? Economic prospects, hah!

What's more, things are going to get progressively (or socialistically) worse. The past week or so, I've had to cover a couple of annual meetings of Junior politicians.

The Young Liberals were convinced that pragmatic socialism is the only policy that will get the yucks to vote for their candidates. (In case you've used your dictionary to roll a few butts, pragmatic means anything that will make a more or less legal buck.)

The Young NDPers are three laps ahead of the Young Liberals. One of them told a provincial convention it is ridiculous to say, in this day and age, that a man must work for a living. Seems to me this kook should visit your jug and meet some of the boys, most of whom are living there because they had the same idea.

To me, this all adds up to the sort of economy where 90 per cent of the population not on welfare will starve to death in a slow and undignified manner. Lemme tell you about the other 10 per cent, for a moment:

My wife knocks around with some dames of about her own age, most of whom have even less ready cash than she has (and believe me, I don't give her much). But one of these gals has something over \$200,000 stashed away. Not long ago she married a widower with assets of \$400,000 or more.

So, last week this harpy celebrates her 66th birthday. My wife and another damsel, who is unmarried and earns her living as a nurse, club together to give a birthday dinner.

All told, there are to be four of them. They have been holding these hen luncheons in the cafeteria of a big downtown hotel. The chow is good, and the prices are reasonable.

But would this opulent old vulture eat in the cafeteria? Not much, she wouldn't! She insisted on patronizing the main dining room. The check for the four of them—and my wife said she stuck to mighty plain fare — was \$14.

Well, the frau and her girlfriend paid up like little heroines. And when the waiter brought the stub of the bill back to the table, the female Scrooge they had fed picked up the stub and said she was going to give it to her husband so he could use it for an income tax exemption.

The madam had said she intended to invite this withered crone and her new husband to the manor for dinner some day. After hearing the foregoing tale, I told her: "You bring that (*#—@%@) out here, and I'll poison her!"

However, things may not be as bad as they seem— they may be worse. The other day, my shop withdrew my parking privileges. Seems the advertising section of the bladder is being expanded, and they wanted my spot for one of the junior deputy assistant vice-presidents, or something.

At first, this deprivation displeased me more than somewhat. Downtown parking costs around \$1.75 to \$2 a day. It looked as though I had just lost around \$500 a year.

But then I got to figuring. What with depreciation, gas, oil, repairs, insurance and so on, it costs about 15 cents a mile to run a car. It's 30 miles from the manor to the treadmill and back.

That works out at \$4.50 a day for transportation; the office pays 10 cents a mile to reporters using their crates on assignments. There is a bus stop 300 yards from the manor. It now costs me 62½ cents a day to travel to and from my desk—and the bus driver does all the worrying about creep-hour traffic.

True, it takes a little longer—half an hour longer going in, an hour longer coming home. That's 1½ hours a day. I'm quite content to sit on my butt and do nothing for a bit better than \$2 an hour.

Of course, with the new provincial taxes on gas and diesel fuel, and all that jazz, transit fares will probably go up. But I had just been about to buy a new car. The old one is still in nice shape. I'll put the \$1,500 I was going to spend on the trade into six per cent debentures, and break a bit ahead on the fare increase.

So, there you have the prospects for 1966-67: More taxes; proportionately less consumer purchasing, with an attendant effort on the part of manufacturers to hold wage levels down; more baneruptcy. The most hopeful prediction I can make is that crime will decrease. There will be no damned use in your little pals planning stick-ups. Nobody will have enough money to make a robbery worth the trouble. The governments will have it all. Hoping you are the same, I remain,

Yours insincerely,

The Churl.

SCIENCE AND THE CRIMINAL

Bank robbery (or "heist" in the criminal lexicon) is becoming more popular and profitable on this continent.

Sleuths say that in Canada bank robberies jumped to 217 in 1964 from 172 in 1963. In the U.S., the increase in the same years was from 750 to 926. Our larcenous record, per 1,000 population, is worse than our neighbour's. Average haul in the U.S. is \$5,951.11.

The robbers are keeping up with technology. One predator in the U.S. placed radioactive material (a radium source) behind a bank safe; and an X-ray plate held against the combination lock then told him the lock's tumbler arrangement.

Methods of protecting the banks have also steadily improved. For instance, they can put ultrasonic gadgets inside vaults that will instantly tell police agents miles away what's going on there.

An FBI report shows that few banks want to go to the expense of such costly devices. The costs of protection usually outweigh the losses to heisters, and sophisticated alarm and detection systems are therefore installed only on a selective basis.

The trouble with this complacency is that it may give aid and comfort to the robbers. Amateurs among them usually bungle the job; but the pros are pretty sharp, are getting sharper and often find it a pushover.

(FP March 19, 1966)

SLIGHTLY LESS BARBARIC

Canada's penal reformers, a frustrated lot in the past, are making headway. Perhaps they could now pick up a Spanish idea which shows that even 20th-century dictators can be benevolent to some of the people some of the time.

General Franco recently decreed what was inaccurately called a general amnesty. A true amnesty, better than a pardon because it wipes the offence from the slate, is sometimes granted to defeated rebels. There were amnesties after (though not immediately after) the U.S. civil war, the Jacobite rising of 1745 and the Canadian rebellions of 1837.

Franco was not so generous. He cut by half all sentences of two years or less. Prisoners doing long stretches, a category that includes Franco's political foes, got a remission of only one twelfth.

Grand gestures like this are easier for tyrants than for free countries where sentences are by law rather than whim. But students of penology say that even a dim hope of getting out early can save prisoners from slow rot. Canada might try doing a Franco for the non-dangerous.

— The Financial Post

Editorial Page, Sept. 25, 1965

Garb of Innocence Required

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following article is a re-print of a feature which originally appeared in the Journal of the American Bar Association. It should be noted that while the case law referred to is American and not binding in Canada, the principle involved — the presumption of innocence — does apply. In fact, the United States has borrowed most of its legal concepts from British justice. They've just evolved a little faster than Canadian courts.*

His wrists imprisoned in handcuffs, the accused man sat awkwardly at the counsel table. He remained shackled while the witnesses gave their testimony, while the lawyers gave their arguments, and while the jurors gave their verdict: "Guilty".

But when the defendant's attorney appealed to a higher court, the guilty verdict was thrown out. The court held that, unless there is a special need for it, to shackle a defendant in the courtroom is to deny him justice.

It is a cornerstone of our legal system that every man must be presumed innocent until proven guilty. And the presumption of innocence may fade at the sight of handcuffs, silently implying to the jury that "this man is evil".

So repugnant is the use of shackles in court that they are improper not only for the defendant himself but also for his witnesses. Even if a witness is brought straight from jail, he ordinarily must appear unfettered — so the jury will give a fair hearing to his testimony.

Still, the shackling of an accused man may occasionally be justified by

unusual circumstances in a particular case.

For example:

Handcuffing of two defendants was held proper *after* one of them had assaulted several members of the jury and the other had heaved the witness-stand chair at the prosecutor.

In a murder trial, there was good reason to fear that members of the defendant's cut-throat gang were planning to invade the courtroom and snatch him from custody. Here, too, handcuffs were allowed.

As a rule the matter is left to the discretion of the trial judge. But his discretion must not be abused. In another murder case, the judge permitted the defendant to be tried while wearing prison clothing with "COUNTY JAIL" printed in large letters across the back.

Although the man was found guilty, a higher court decided that the label on his back was as wrong as handcuffs on his wrists. Granting a new trial, the court said:

"The presumption of innocence requires the garb of innocence."

Penal Notes From Around The World

Mesa, Ariz. (AP) — “Hi there,” said the man drilling on a safe. “Good morning,” replied Frank Figueroa, reporting for work at a store at 4 a.m.

Figueroa said he responded to the burglar’s greeting automatically before he realized what was going on. Another burglar was crouched behind a counter. Everyone did a doubletake — and ran, the burglars to freedom and Figueroa to a telephone.

Memphis, Tenn. (The Lantern) — An 87-year old man, just released from Shelby County penal farm at Memphis, was returned to Alabama to finish a five year sentence for stealing a horse and buggy.

“A person sentenced to imprisonment for life is thereafter civilly dead.”

With that comment, Manhattan Supreme Court justice Charles Marks dismissed a 3.8 million dollar damage suit against Mark Fein, business executive, who is serving two years to life for the murder of the plaintiff’s husband. An appeal is pending.

Washington, (UPI) — U.S. Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach called for changes in federal prison laws to put more faith and trust in older convicts who are eligible for parole.

Research has not developed a method whereby blood may be identified with the person who lost it. Like fingerprints, each person’s blood has an identity all its own.

Hopkinsville, Ky. (AP) — This city moves its police department into its new \$212,000 headquarters building, including a jail with a microphone in each cell. Police say any conversation, even a whisper, will be picked up by the microphones and transmitted to a radio room where an officer will be on duty at all times.

California has recently enacted into law a program of aid to victims of crimes of violence and their families. The modest sum of one thousand dollars has been appropriated for the fiscal year 1965-66.

A man in a hurry left his car in a “No Parking zone with the note: “I’m on official business.” When he returned there was a ticket on his windshield and on it the policeman had written: “So am I.”

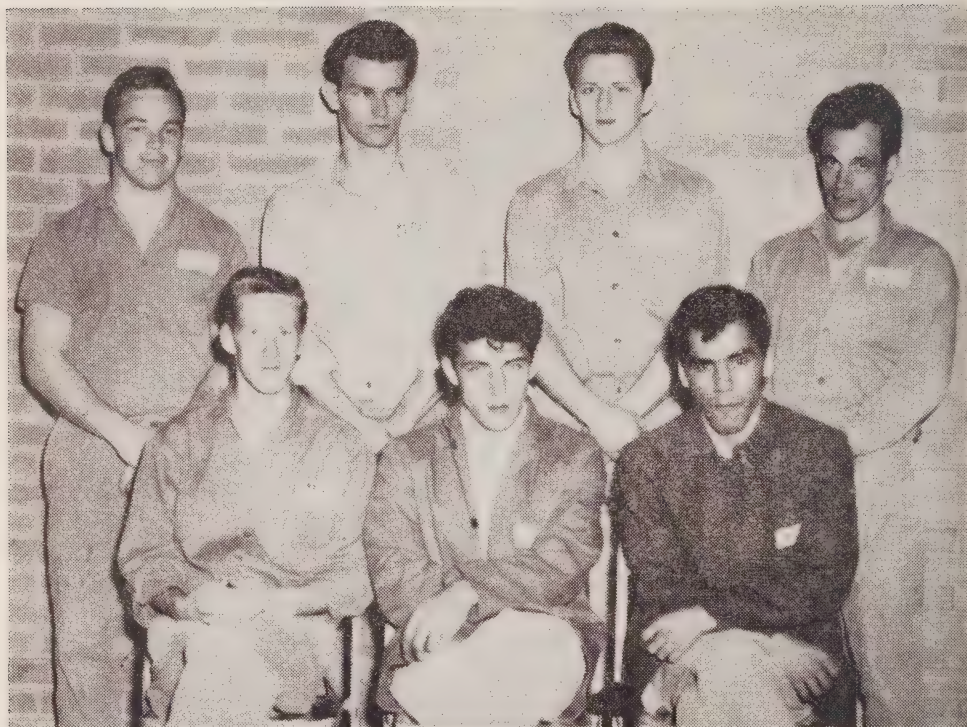
London, (AP) — Peter Jepson, a 21-year old London student accused of making off with Lady Spence-Churchill’s car, was fined \$72.80 and banned from driving for a year.

HOCKEY CHAMPIONS



PLAYOFF WINNERS in the institution hockey league were the Bruins, managed by John Prince. From left to right, back row, are Bruce Cormier, Vince (The Bear) Bright, John (The Rake) Prince, and Doug Kidder. Second row, left to right, Don Hamel, Mel Marsh, and Bob Carde.

HOCKEY RUNNERUPS



SECOND PLACE finishers in the hockey league were the Canadians. From left to right back row, are Bill Newman, Bob MacBeth, Ian MacDonald, and Pete Facer. Sitting from left to right, Satch Dechateveau, Sarge O'Conner, and Len Jones.

BASKETBALL ALL-STARS



ALL-STARS from the various institutions teams made up the C.B. All-Stars. The All-Stars played teams from Kingston. Back row, from left to right, George Marks, Andy Andress, Terry Denien, and Andy Toop; center row, left to right, Ron Brock (coach), Ian MacDonald and Schram; Front row, left to right, Dewey Yancer, John Prince and Roger Bossence.

FLOOR HOCKEY AND BASKETBALL OFFICIALS



OFFICIALS WHO handled most of the refereeing in the basketball and floor hockey leagues were Bruce (Bugs) O'Niel (left) and Wally Antler. O'Niel refereed both floor hockey and basketball, while Antler assisted him in basketball. Also lending assistance was Bob McGuire, not shown in picture.

DIAMOND COMMENTS

Reorganize Softball leagues ?

Although the first ball has not yet been thrown at the time of this writing, the softball season should be at least halfway through its schedule by the time this issue of the Diamond is being read, and if past seasons are any indication, the major softball league is in serious trouble. Two years ago, the last month of the schedule was played with only three teams and last year things were so bad that the play-offs were not held because there were only two teams left in the league.

The problem in the past, and undoubtedly the problem this year, is the simple fact that there are not enough really good ball players to staff four teams in the majors. In the entire institution there are probably no more than 25 ballplayers who can be considered experienced enough to consistently play a good brand of ball and many of these are either getting too old or have conflicting interests that prevent them from playing three and four games a week.

On the other hand, the minors never seem to have trouble fielding a full complement of four teams. The reason for this is simply that they do not have to maintain a standard of play. They're out there for the fun and exercise and that's all.

For a long while we have felt that the solution to the problem of insufficient players for the majors and the rather loose brand of ball played in the minors lies in a combined league. Instead of a four-team major and a four-team minor, a six or eight-team league, in which players of both caliber are thrown together, would eliminate both defects.

Penalty to fit the crime

Someone said to us recently that an "important" man who commits crime should receive a lesser sentence than an average criminal who commits the same crime. His reasoning rested on the fact that a man who holds a position of importance,, or who is a professional person, such as a lawyer or doctor, loses much more than the time he must serve in prison. He loses prestige, respect, position, etc. But it seems to us that such a man should have known better, that such a man had little or no excuse, except greed, and that, consequently, his punishment should be even greater than the average criminal who may have committed his crime in ignorance or desperation.

A school teacher who molests a child, a lawyer who violates a trust, a Member of Parliament who plays hanky-panky under the table presumably knew what he was doing and therefore his crime is the greater and more damaging to society. He has not only committed a crime, but he has also set a bad example for others and has undermined the confidence of the average person in those men to whom we must all look for leadership.

Evolving morality

In listening to the debates for and against the abolition of the death penalty earlier this year, we could not help smiling at the sophisms that usually pass for logic amongst that strange breed of modern high priests, the lawyers, whose task it is to interpret our increasingly complicated and mysterious legal system for us.

The most popular argument against capital punishment, of course, is the biblical eye-for-an-eye and tooth-for-a-tooth nonsense. What was good enough for a primitive tribe of desert dwellers, according to their reasoning, is good enough for us. What they either fail to understand, or simply ignore, is the fact that the eye and tooth business was an advance, a middle point, in the evolution of justice. At one time it was the practice of ancient people to retaliate against an entire family or tribe whenever a member of one group did an injury to a member of another. Instead of merely punishing the individual, the injured party's relatives wiped out the offender's entire family or tribe. To avoid this sort of useless slaughter, the eye and tooth method was advanced. Then, only the offender was punished. Finally along came the Man whom most of us profess to follow. He called for an end to revenge and to the taking of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

Another group feared that life imprisonment was not enough of a deterrent, forgetting that most murders are committed while the murderer is unstable in mind and that during such a state, nothing is a deterrent. It's inconceivable that any sane person would murder because he knows he will not be hanged, but merely sentenced to life in prison. Merely. To anyone who has spent a few years in prison, death would be welcome to a life in prison.

A murderer does not evaluate the form of punishment that will be visited upon him for his crime. If he is sane enough at the moment of commission, he feels he will get away with his act and not receive any punishment.

To some murderers, death is the very thing they seek. How many murders take place in which the murderer kills himself immediately afterwards? If murderers expect any punishment while they are planning

and committing their crime, it is death — death of the body and mind. A man who prefers a living death in prison, does not belong in prison but in a mental hospital.

Purses out of sows' ears

The underlying differences between the English concept of democracy and the concept followed by most North Americans was pointed out forcefully to us recently. A Canadian, but an Anglophile, a presumably educated man, said, after reading that 29 million Americans were college graduates, that the trouble with democracy on this side of the ocean is that we believe we can make purses out of sows' ears. He went on to say that he believed that certain people were capable of education and deserving of it, while others were not. What we were interested in knowing is just how does one determine who falls into what group, or do we follow the old English practice of presuming that the son of a "gentleman" or peer is deserving of a first-rate education while the common folk should be contented with their lot as "second-class citizens".

If anyone thinks this to be an exaggeration, we would like to call his attention to the fact that, despite the handicaps heaped upon U.S. Negroes (and, in a more subtle fashion, Canadian Negroes and Indians), the average Negro on this side of the pond has a much better chance of securing a university degree than the average white man in England.

Recidivism and the older convict

Somewhere we read recently of a report by a group in the United States that the recidivist rate among convicts over 35 years old is less than five per cent. According to this report, criminals who might be considered almost habitual, in that they have spent most of their lives in prison from the age of 12 to 35, suddenly stop committing crimes after they have passed this age.

Just looking around the institution bears out the fact that inmates does the parole board parole one of these "senior criminals" under the age of 35 outnumber those over almost 5 - 1. Yet seldom

Why it should be that convicts after this approximate period in their careers suddenly cease to be repeaters we do not know. Our guess is that they simply get tired of the whole thing.

Or maybe the social responsibility society should have taken the trouble to see that these men learned while younger finally oozes through the scar tissue that has built up during those youthful years. It would probably not be an exaggeration to say that three out of four criminals are the product of society's unconcern for those children from the slum areas and broken homes.

In primitive societies where crime problems are seldom encountered, the entire group takes the responsibility to see that the young people are carefully and rigidly indoctrinated in the mores and expectations of the group in which the children live. In our Western culture, it's often a matter of hit-and-miss and then we punish the failures for which we ourselves are responsible. In the case of the older criminals who no longer repeat their old patterns, it may simply be that they have at last learned what their elders should have taught them earlier.

What's Your Word I.Q. ?

This is a quiz that should appeal especially to SCRABBLE players or Crossword buffs. The words are relatively short and are recognizable if you have done any amount of reading. Just match the boldface word with one of the four given below it. Some words are awarded more points than others, based on their difficulty. The points are in parenthesis.

1. The baby was **dredged** with water. (5 points)
a) Scooped b) Drowned c) Buried d) Sprinkled
2. The faraway hills were **puce**. (10 points)
a) Rocky b) Purple c) Snow-covered d) Dark-green
3. The man was a **gaby**. (20 points)
a) Janitor b) Truck driver c) Fool d) Gossip
4. The young woman had a bad case of the **gapes**. (10 points)
a) Acne b) Stomach ache c) Yawning d) Liked to watch
5. The man was **hoary** with age. (10 points)
a) Crippled b) Crazy c) Gray d) Worn out
6. The **ibis** was sacred to the Egyptians. (10 points)
a) A bird b) A cat c) A large rock d) A demon
7. The **ingenuous** girl won his admiration. (20 points)
a) Happy b) Flighty c) Immoral d) Innocent
8. He was a **jocose** lad. (20 points)
a) Talkative b) Sad c) Playful d) Angry
9. It was a **medial** achievement. (20 points)
a) Ordinary b) Praiseworthy c) Terrible d) Happy
10. He was only a **mite**. (10 points)
a) Small b) Sickly c) Innocent d) Orphan

(Answers on page 40)

Letters

to the

Editor

Mortgage Manor,
24 April 66

Editor,
The Diamond.

Dear Boss:

Thanks for the snow job in your winter issue.

If there were inaccuracies in my report of the pre-Christmas concert, my apologies to any and all who were given less than their just deserts.

One point that has been raised is that I cannot distinguish between rock n' roll and several other forms of more or less rhythmic noise. Quite right.

This complaint reminds me of the huntsman in T.H. White's book *The Once and Future King*, from which the show Camelot was made.

This huntsman was an authority on fumets. He kept tagging after the principal characters with a fresh fumet in his hand, begging them to hunt down the animal that had produced it. He could distinguish between all sorts of fumets. I can't. It's all manure to me. Having played for several years in a prize-winning military band, my ear is tuned to a different sort of music.

Odd how words change their mean-

ing. When I was being dragged up, "square" meant honest. In your palatial boarding house it appears to mean stupid.

I'm stupid? Heh, heh! I'm out here. I can have a drink if I want it (I don't); I can eat steak any time I feel like it, and I'm under supervision only 40 hours a week.

There is, I am sorry to say, a gross inaccuracy in your editorial. I quote: "He has helped many inmates who were released from the Bay and who have gone to see him."

The truth is that very, very few graduates of The Bay will have anything to do with a "square". Of those who have been told there is a meal, a drink and a bed for them at Mortgage Manor if they can use them, fewer than half a dozen have put in appearances.

Of those who did sample the manor's hospitality, only one has not returned to a federal institution for a post-graduate course. So I was obviously of little help.

This doesn't bother me in the least. In a letter to *The Diamond* several years ago I explained that I was interested in the Bay's inmates as human beings. I still am.

Human beings are strange creatures. They fascinate me (I'm only an associate member of the race). But I've learned to restrain any inclination to push them around, or even to persuade them that there might be better opinions than those they hold. My interest is in learning about people. I'm not so square I think I can teach your captive readers anything.

So, for those inmates of The Bay with whom I have become acquainted in the past five years, there is still a meal, a drink and a bed at the manor.

If The Diamond wants the crap I write, I'll write it. If you people want more science fiction books. I'll see what I can dig up.

But if, on the other hand, the brave spirits at The Bay are too proud to accept such insignificant favors from one who has spoken harshly of them there is one thing they should keep in mind:

I couldn't care less.

Yours respectfully,

Lex Schrag, Churl.

RADIO ROOM POLL SHOWS CONS HATE ROCK 'n ROLL

A recent poll taken by the radio room revealed that only 17% of the inmate population like rock and roll music. The poll confirmed one taken last year by the Diamond.

The heavy favorites proved to be F.M. classical, jazz and rhythm and blues. Seventy-nine percent voted for these. The next in popularity were western music, popular music, rock and roll, and last, folk music.

Fifty-three percent like the two Kingston stations, particularly the F.M., while among the American stations, 34% voted for Boston and New York, with Toronto, Chicago, Montreal, Oshawa, Smith Falls, Windsor, Detroit, Baltimore, Fort Wayne, Philadelphia and Buffalo behind these.

The same number (53%) said they like news and news commentary and 53% were interested in current events programs. Only 8% showed any interest in religious programs.

As a result of the survey an experiment with television programs over the radio line was started in early April.

Gordie Cameron and Moose Marshall are the radio room operators.

WORD ANSWERS

1. b) drowned 2. b) purple 3. c) fool 4. c) yawning 5. c) gray
6. a) a bird 7. d) innocent 8. c) playful 9. a) ordinary 10. a) small
Scoring: 75 points is very good. More than 85 and you can throw your dictionary away. 25 to 50 is ordinary. Less than ten and you ought to seriously consider learning another language. If you get more than 100, try closing the dictionary until after you've finished the test next time.